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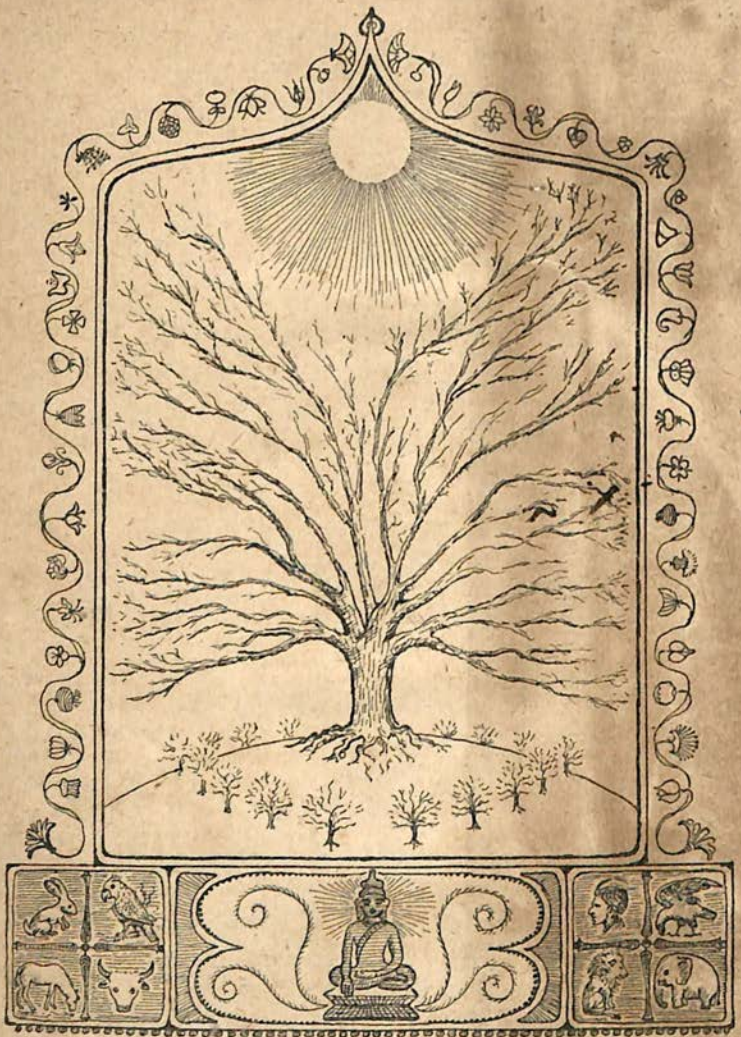

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A COLLECTION OF

EASTERN STORIES AND LEGENDS

FOR NARRATION OR LATER READING IN SCHOOLS

50298

SELECTED AND ADAPTED BY

MARIE L. SHEDLOCK

WITH A FOREWORD
By Prof. T. W. RHYS DAVIDS

AND A FRONTISPIECE
By WOLFRAM ONSLOW FORD

Ex-h-42

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PREFACE

In offering this volume to teachers, my chief aim is to provide material for narration which shall deal, not with things temporal but with the "Eternal Verities." These, if presented to our boys and girls in dramatic form, at the most impressionable period of their lives, will sink deeply into their minds. When presented in more direct and didactic fashion, the same truths often fail to impress. These stories of the Buddha are not for one age or one country, but for all time and for the world.

I have suggested their meaning in the index to enable teachers to see the contents at a glance. I strongly urge that little or no explanation should be offered to the children

themselves. They will be sufficiently interested in the dramatic setting to absorb (unconsciously) the meaning of the story.

The book is not intended *primarily* for children to read but for teachers to use in telling these tales, but when they have received the dramatic impression through the telling, they will have an added interest in reading the book for themselves.

I have purposely avoided using illustrations to these stories. I want the children to make the mental picture suggested to them by the spoken word, and if they read the story afterwards, I do not wish to force them to abandon their own conception and adopt a general one, because this would mean eliminating one of the most potent educational factors in the telling of the story.

I am greatly indebted to Professor Rhys Davids, not only because he has placed the material of his translation at my disposal, but because of his unfailing kindness and help in

directing the work. His preface will give value, from the scholarly point of view, to this collection: my own efforts have been limited to the selection of the most dramatic stories, and such as I know by experience will appeal to girls and boys.

I most gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to the Cambridge Press, by whose courtesy and generosity I have been able to include eleven of the stories published in their volumes.

I have kept to the direct translation in all cases where it was possible without breaking dramatic interest. But as my chief aim has been to present these stories in language effective for narrative purpose, I have sometimes shortened them, most notably in Mr Rouse's beautiful translation of the King who sacrificed his eyes. For reading purpose the whole of his translation is of thrilling interest, but in the actual telling the details do not add to the dramatic strength.

In the story of the Parrot, I have made

little or no change in Mr Rouse's translation, except that in the few verses which occur from time to time in the story I have given the gist of the verse in prose form instead of the verse itself.

I have already told several of these stories, and have always found a warm response from children and adults.

MARIE L. SHEDLOCK.

FOREWORD

I RECOLLECT riding late one night along the high-road from Galle to Colombo. The road skirts the shore. On the left hand the long breakers of the Indian Ocean broke in ripples on the rocks in the many little bays. On the right an endless vista of tall cocoanut palms waved their top-knots over a park-like expanse of grass, and the huts of the peasantry were visible here and there beneath the trees. In the distance a crowd had gathered on the sward, either seated on the grass or leaning against the palms. I turned aside—no road was wanted—to see what brought them there that moonlight night.

The villagers had put an oval platform under the trees. On it were seated yellow-robed monks with palm-leaf books on their laps. One was standing and addressing the

folk, who were listening to *Bana*, that is "The Word"—discourses, dialogues, legends, or stories from the Pali Canon. The stories were the well-known Birth-stories, that is the ancient fables and fairy-tales common to the Aryan race which had been consecrated, as it were, by the hero in each, whether man or animal, being identified with the Buddha in a former birth. To these wonderful stories the simple peasantry, men, women and children, clad in their best and brightest, listen the livelong night with unaffected delight, chatting pleasantly now and again with their neighbours; rising quietly and leaving for a time, and returning at their will, and indulging all the while in the mild narcotic of the betel-leaf, their stores of which afford a constant occasion for acts of polite good-fellowship. Neither preachers nor hearers may have that deep sense of evil in the world and in themselves, nor that high resolve to battle with and overcome it, which animated some of the first disciples. They all think they are earning "merit" by their easy

service. But there is at least, at these full-moon festivals, a genuine feeling of human kindness, in harmony alike with the teachings of Gotama, and with the gentle beauty of those moonlit scenes.[1]

It is not only under the palm groves of the South that these stories are a perennial delight. Wherever Buddhism has gone they have gone with it. They are known and loved on the plains of Central Asia, in the valleys of Kashmir and Afghanistan, on the cold table-lands of Nepal, Tartary and Tibet, through the vast regions of India and China, in the islands of Japan and the Malay archipelago, and throughout the jungles of Siam and Annam.

And not only so. Soldiers of Alexander who had settled in the East, wandering merchants of many nations and climes, crusading knights and hermits who had mixed with Eastern folk, brought the stories from East to West. They were very popular in Europe in the Middle Ages; and were used,

[1] *See* Rhys Davids' *Buddhism* (S.P.C.K.), pp. 57, 58.

more especially by the clergy, as the subjects of numerous homilies, romances, anecdotes, poems and edifying plays and mysteries. The character of the hero of them in his last or former births appealed so strongly to the sympathies, and especially to the religious sympathies, of mediæval Christians, that the Buddha (under another name) was included, and has ever since remained, in the list of canonised saints both in the Roman and Greek Churches; and a collection of these and similar stories—wrongly but very naturally—ascribed to a famous story-teller of the ancient Greeks, has become the common property, the household literature, of all the nations of Europe; and, under the name of Æsop's Fables, has handed down, as a first moral lesson-book for our children in the West, tales first invented to please and to instruct our far-off cousins in the distant East.

So the story of the migration of the stories is the most marvellous story of them all.[1]

[1] For the details of this story the introduction to my *Buddhist Birth Stories* may be consulted; and for the history of the

And, strange to say, in spite of the enormous outpouring of more modern tales, these old ones have not, even yet, lost their charm. I used to tell them by the hour together, to mixed audiences, and never found them fail. Out of the many hundred Birth-stories there are only a small proportion that are suitable for children. Miss Shedlock, so well known on both sides of the Atlantic for her skill and judgment in this regard, has selected those she deems most suitable; and, so far as I can judge, has succeeded very admirably in adapting them for the use of children and of teachers alike. Much depends, no doubt, upon the telling. Could Miss Shedlock herself be the teller, there would be little doubt of the success. But I know from my own experience that less able story-tellers have no cause at all to be discouraged.

The reason is, indeed, not far to seek. The stories are not ordinary ones. It is not on sharpness of repartee, or on striking incidents,

Jâtakas in India the chapter on that subject in my *Buddhist India*.

that their charm depends. These they have sometimes. But their attraction lies rather in a unique mixture of subtle humour, cunning make-belief, and earnestness; in the piquancy of the contrast between the humorous incongruities and impossibilities of the details, and the real serious earnestness, never absent but always latent, of the ethical tone. They never raise a boisterous laugh: only a quiet smile of delighted appreciation; and they leave a pleasant aroma behind them. To the child-mind the impossibilities are no impossibilities at all, they are merely delightful. And these quaint old-world stories will continue to appeal to children, young and old, as they have done, the world over, through the long centuries of the past.

T. W. Rhys Davids.

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THE FOLLY OF PANIC

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS LION: ILLUSTRATING THE FOLLY OF PANIC

AND it came to pass that the Buddha (to be) was born again as a Lion. Just as he had helped his fellow-men, he now began to help his fellow-animals, and there was a great deal to be done. For instance, there was a little nervous Hare who was always afraid that something dreadful was going to happen to her. She was always saying: "Suppose the Earth were to fall in, what would happen to me?" And she said this so often that at last she thought it really was about to happen. One day, when she had been saying over and over again, "Suppose the Earth were to fall in, what would happen to me?" she heard a slight noise: it really was only a heavy fruit which had fallen upon a rustling leaf, but the little Hare was so nervous she was ready to believe anything, and she said in a

frightened tone: "The Earth *is* falling in." She ran away as fast as she could go, and presently she met an old brother Hare, who said: "Where are you running to, Mistress Hare?"

And the little Hare said: "I have no time to stop and tell you anything. The Earth is falling in, and I am running away."

"The Earth is falling in, is it?" said the old brother Hare, in a tone of much astonishment; and he repeated this to *his* brother hare, and *he* to *his* brother hare, and he to *his* brother hare, until at last there were a hundred thousand brother hares, all shouting: "The Earth is falling in." Now presently the bigger animals began to take the cry up. First the deer, and then the sheep, and then the wild boar, and then the buffalo, and then the camel, and then the tiger, and then the elephant.

Now the wise Lion heard all this noise and wondered at it. "There are no signs," he said, "of the Earth falling in. They must have heard something." And then he stopped them all short and said: "What is this you are saying?"

And the Elephant said: "I remarked that the Earth was falling in."

"How do you know this?" asked the Lion.

"Why, now I come to think of it, it was the Tiger that remarked it to me."

And the Tiger said: "*I* had it from the Camel," and the Camel said: "*I* had it from the Buffalo." And the buffalo from the wild boar, and the wild boar from the sheep, and the sheep from the deer, and the deer from the hares, and the Hares said: "Oh! *we* heard it from *that* little Hare."

And the Lion said: "Little Hare, *what* made you say that the Earth was falling in?"

And the little Hare said: "I *saw* it."

"You saw it?" said the Lion. "Where?"

"Yonder, by that tree."

"Well," said the Lion, "come with me and I will show you how——"

"No, no," said the Hare, "I would not go near that tree for anything, I'm *so* nervous."

"But," said the Lion, "I am going to take you on my back." And he took her on his back, and begged the animals to stay

where they were until they returned. Then he showed the little Hare how the fruit had fallen upon the leaf, making the noise that had frightened her, and she said: "Yes, I see—the Earth is *not* falling in." And the Lion said: "Shall we go back and tell the other animals?" And they went back. The little Hare stood before the animals and said: "The Earth is *not* falling in." And all the animals began to repeat this to one another, and they dispersed gradually, and you heard the words more and more softly: "The Earth is *not* falling in," etc., etc., etc., until the sound died away altogether.

NOTE.—This story I have told in my own words, using the language I have found most effective for very young children.

THE PUNISHMENT OF HYPOCRISY

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS ONE OF THE GODS: ILLUSTRATING

THE PUNISHMENT OF HYPOCRISY

On one occasion four divine beings made their appearance on the Earth to attend a festival of the Gods.

And they bore in their hands wreaths of the strangest flowers that had ever been seen, and those around asked: "What are these flowers?" And the Gods made answer and said: "These divine flowers are fit for those possessed of great powers: for the base, the foolish, the faithless, the sinful beings within the world of men, they are *not* fitted. But, whosoever amongst men is endued with certain virtues — to them is due the honour of wearing these flowers.

"He who steals no thing from another,
Who uttereth no lie,
Who doth not lose his head at the height of Fame—
He may wear the flowers."

Now there was a certain false Teacher or Priest who thought to himself: "I do not possess one of these qualities, but, by appearing to possess them, I shall obtain permission to wear the wreaths, and the people will believe that I really am what I appear to be, and they will place their confidence in me."

Then, with exceeding boldness, he came to the first of the Gods and exclaimed with great solemnity: "Behold, *I* am endowed with these qualities of which you speak—

"I have stolen from no man, never have I uttered a lie, nor has fame ever caused me to be proud or haughty."

And when he had uttered these words, the wreath was placed upon his brow. And, emboldened by his success, he came with the same pride and confidence into the presence of the second God, and asked that the second wreath should be bestowed upon him.

And the God said:

"He who earns wealth honestly, and
shuns dishonest means,
Who takes but sparingly of the Cup of
Pleasure,
To him shall be awarded this second
wreath."

And the false Priest bowed his head and said: "Behold all that I have earned is honestly gotten, and all pleasure have I shunned. Give me the wreath!"

And the wreath was placed upon his brow.

Then, with boldness increased by his success, he approached the third God, and asked that the third wreath should encircle his brow.

And the God said:

"He who scorns choice food,
Who never turneth from his purpose,
Who keepeth his faith unchanged,
To him shall be given the wreath."

And the false Priest said: "I have ever lived on the simplest fare. I have been ever steadfast of purpose, and loyal in my faith. Therefore give *me* the wreath."

And the third wreath was bestowed upon him.

Then did the pride of the false Priest know no bounds, and he went hastily to the fourth God and demanded the fourth wreath.

And the God said:

"He who will attack no good man to his face or behind his back,
And who keeps his word in all things,
To him belongs this wreath."

Then the false Priest cried out in a loud voice: "I have attacked no man, good or evil, and never have I broken my word to any."

The God looked at him sadly, but he placed the wreath upon his brow, and the four divine beings disappeared from the sight of man. But no sooner had they left the earth than the Priest felt a violent pain. His head seemed to be crushed by spikes, and, writhing in agony, he made full confession and begged that the flowers should be removed from his head; but though all pitied his condition, none could remove the flowers, for they seemed to be fastened on with an iron band.

And he called aloud to the Gods, saying:

"O ye great powers, forgive my pride and spare my life!" And they answered: "These flowers are not meet for the wicked. You have received the reward of your false words." Then, having rebuked him in the presence of the people, they removed the flowers from the head of the repentant man and returned to the abode of the Blest.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF A FESTIVAL DAY

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS HARE: ILLUSTRATING THE TRUE SPIRIT OF A FESTIVAL DAY

AND it came to pass that the Buddha was born a Hare and lived in a wood; on one side was the foot of a mountain, on another a river, on the third side a border village.

And with him lived three friends: a Monkey, a Jackal, and an Otter; each of these creatures got food on his own hunting ground. In the evening they met together, and the Hare taught his companions many wise things: that the moral law should be observed—that alms should be given to the poor, and that holy days should be kept.

One day the Buddha said: "To-morrow is a fast day. Feed any beggars that come to you by giving food from your own table." They all consented.

The next day the Otter went down to the bank of the Ganges to seek his prey. Now

a fisherman had landed seven red fish and had buried them in the sand on the river's bank while he went down the stream catching more fish. The Otter scented the buried fish, dug up the sand till he came upon them, and he called aloud: "Does any one own these fish?" And, not seeing the owner, he laid the fish in the jungle where he dwelt, intending to eat them at a fitting time. Then he lay down, thinking how virtuous he was.

The Jackal also went off in search of food, and found in the hut of a field watcher a lizard, two spits, and a pot of milk-curd.

And, after thrice crying aloud, "To whom do these belong?" and not finding an owner, he put on his neck the rope for lifting the pot, and grasping the spits and lizard with his teeth, he laid them in his own lair, thinking, "In due season I will devour them," and then he lay down, thinking how virtuous he had been.

The Monkey entered the clump of trees, and gathering a bunch of mangoes, laid them up in his part of the jungle, meaning to eat them in due season. He then lay down and thought how virtuous he had been.

But the Hare (who was the Buddha-to-be) in due time came out thinking to lie (in contemplation) on the Kuca grass. "It is impossible for me to offer *grass* to any beggars who may chance to come by, and I have no oil or rice or fish. If any beggar come to me, I will give him (of) my own flesh to eat."

Now when Sakka, the King of the Gods, heard this thing, he determined to put the Royal Hare to the test. So he came in disguise of a Brahmin to the Otter and said: "Wise Sir, if I could get something to eat, I would perform *all* my priestly duties."

The Otter said: "I will give you food. Seven red fish have I safely brought to land from the sacred river of the Ganges. Eat thy fill, O Brahmin, and stay in this wood."

And the Brahmin said: "Let it be until to-morrow, and I will see to it then."

Then he went to the Jackal, who confessed that he had stolen the food, but he begged the Brahmin to accept it and remain in the wood; but the Brahmin said: "Let it be until the morrow, and then I will see to it."

And he came to the Monkey, who offered

him the mangoes, and the Brahmin answered in the same way.

Then the Brahmin went to the wise Hare, and the Hare said: "Behold, I will give you of my flesh to eat. But you must not take life on this holy day. When you have piled up the logs I will sacrifice myself by falling into the midst of the flames, and when my body is roasted you shall eat my flesh and perform all your priestly duties."

Now when Sakka heard these words he caused a heap of burning coals to appear, and the Wisdom Being, rising from the grass, came to the place, but before casting himself into the flames he shook himself, lest perchance there should be any insects in his coat who might suffer death. Then, offering his body as a free gift, he sprang up, and like a royal swan, lighting on a bed of lotus in an ecstasy of joy, he fell on the heap of live coals. But the flame failed even to heat the pores or the hair on the body of the Wisdom Being, and it was as if he had entered a region of frost. Then he addressed the Brahmin in these words: "Brahmin, the fire that you have kindled is icy cold; it fails to heat the

pores of the hair on my body. What is the meaning of this?"

"O most wise Hare! I am Sakka, and have come to put your virtue to the test."

And the Buddha in a sweet voice said: "No god or man could find in me an unwillingness to die."

Then Sakka said: "O wise Hare, be thy virtue known to all the ages to come."

And seizing the mountain he squeezed out the juice and daubed on the moon the signs of the young hare.

Then he placed him back on the grass that he might continue his Sabbath meditation, and returned to Heaven.

And the four creatures lived together and kept the moral law.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS OSPREY: ILLUSTRATING

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP

THERE lived once, on the shores of a natural lake, a Hawk on the south shore, a She-Hawk on the west shore, on the north a Lion, the king of beasts, on the east the Osprey, the king of birds, in the middle a Tortoise on a small island.

Now the Hawk asked the She-Hawk to become his wife. She asked him: "Have you any friends?" "No, madam," he replied. "But," she said, "we must have some friends who can defend us against any danger or trouble that may arise. Therefore I beg of you to find some friends." "But," said the Hawk, "with whom shall I make friends?" "Why, with King Osprey, who lives on the

eastern shore, with King Lion on the north, and with the Tortoise who lives in the middle of the lake."

And he took her advice. And all these creatures formed a bond of friendship, and promised to protect each other in time of danger.

Now in time the Mother-Hawk had two sons. One day when the wings of the young birds were not yet callow, some of the country-folk went foraging through the woods all day and found nothing.

They went down to the lake to catch fish or a tortoise, and, in order to drive away the gnats, they made a fire by rubbing sticks together. The smoke annoyed the young birds, and they uttered a cry. The men said: "'Tis the cry of birds—we will make a fire and eat their flesh." They made the fire blaze and built it up.

But the Mother-Bird heard the sound, and thought: "These men will eat our young ones. I will send my mate to the Great Osprey." This she did, and the bird promised to help. He sat upon a tree-top near that in which the Hawks had built their nests, and no

sooner did the men begin to climb up the tree than the Osprey dived into the lake, and from wings and back sprinkled water upon the brands and put the fire out. Down came the men and made another fire, but again the Osprey put it out, and this went on until midnight.

And the bird was tired out and his eyes were bloodshot. And the Mother-Bird whispered to her mate: "My lord, the Osprey is worn out! Go and tell the Tortoise, that this weary bird may have a rest."

But the Osprey in a loud voice said he would gladly give his life to guard the tree. And the grateful Hawk said: "I pray thee, friend Osprey, rest awhile." Then he went for help to the Tortoise, who said he would gladly help, but his son said: "I would not have my old father troubled, but I will gladly go in his stead."

And the Tortoise collected mud and quenched the flame. Then said the men: "Let us kill the Tortoise: he will be enough for all." But when they plucked creepers to bind him and tried to turn him over, he dragged them into the water. And they

said: "What strange things have happened to us! Half the night the Osprey has put out our fire, and now the Tortoise has dragged us in after him and made us swallow water. Let us light another fire, and at sunrise we will eat these young Hawks."

The Hen-Bird heard the noise and said: "My husband — sooner or later these men will devour our young and depart. You go and tell our friend the Lion." At once the Hawk went to the Lion, who asked him why he came at such an unreasonable hour. But when the whole matter was put before him, he said: "Go and comfort your young ones, for I will save them." And then he came forth with a mighty tread, and the men were terrified.

"Alas!" they cried. "The Osprey hath put out our fire. The Tortoise dragged us into the water. But now we are done for: the Lion will destroy us at once." They ran this way and that, and when the noble beast stood at the foot of the tree, no trace could be found of the frightened men.

Then the Osprey, the Hawk, the She-Hawk, and the Tortoise came up to greet

him, and they discoursed for a long time on the value of friendship. And this company of friends lived all their lives without breaking their bond. And they passed away according to their deeds.

THE TRUE MEANING OF GIVING

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS KING: ILLUSTRATING

THE TRUE MEANING OF GIVING

LONG, long ago the Wisdom Child that should in time become the Buddha was born a King. He was kind and generous, distributing all sorts of alms to the poor; nor did he leave the work to those under him: he took a personal part in the giving of the gifts—and nearly every day came himself to the Alms Hall to see that none went away empty-handed.

But one morning, as he lay meditating on what he still might do for his people, he began to feel that, after all, he had done no very great thing, and he said: "I have given to my people only *outside* things—the mere gold and silver and raiment and food that I can well spare, and lo! this giving

brings me no joy. If I could only give my people part of myself—some precious thing which would show my love for them—whatever it might cost me! And if to-day, when I go down to the Alms Hall, one should say, 'Give me thy heart,' then, in truth, I will cut open my breast with a spear, and, as though I were drawing up a water-lily from a calm lake, I will pull forth my heart. If he asks my flesh and blood, behold I will give it to him. If he complain that there is no other to do his work, then I will leave my royal throne, and, proclaiming myself a slave, I will do the work of a slave—and, indeed, should any man ask for my eyes, the most precious gift of the gods, then will I tear them out as one might tear the pith from the palm-tree."

Then he bathed himself, and, mounted upon a richly caparisoned elephant, he rode down to the Alms Hall, his heart filled with love for his people.

Now Sakka, the King of the Gods, heard the resolve of the King, and he thought to test him, whether his words were vain; whether it were a sudden mood which would

pass away when the moment came to carry out his stern resolution.

So, when the King came down to the Alms Hall, Sakka stood before him, in the guise of an old blind Brahmin, who, stretching out his hands, cried out: "Long live the King!"

And the King made sign for him to say what was in his heart.

"O great King," said the blind Brahmin—"in all the inhabited world there is no spot where the fame of thy great heart has not spread. I am blind, but thou, O King, hast *two* eyes—I therefore beseech thee, give me *one*, that I too may behold the glories of the Earth!"

Then did the King rejoice greatly that this opportunity should have come to him so quickly, but not wishing to show at once the joy he felt in his heart, he said: "O Brahmin, I pray thee tell me, who bade thee wend thy way to this alms-house? Thou askest of me the most precious thing that a man possesses, and lo! it is very hard to give!"

And the Brahmin made answer: "Behold, a god has sent me hither, and has told me to ask this boon."

And the King said: "Thy prayer is granted: thou didst ask for one eye, behold I will give thee both eyes."

And then the news spread quickly through the town that the King was about to give his eyes to a blind Brahmin, and the Commander-in-Chief and all the officials gathered together that they might turn the King from his purpose.

And they said: "O great King, are there not other gifts which thou canst bestow upon this sightless Brahmin—money, jewels, elephants with cloth of gold? Why shouldst thou give to him that most precious of gifts, thy royal eyes?"

And the King said: "Behold, I have taken this vow, and I should be sinful if I were to break it."

And the courtiers said: "O King, why doest thou this thing? Is it for Life, or Beauty or Strength?"

The King answered: "It is for none of these things: it is for the joy of giving."

Then the King bid the Surgeon do his work. And when one of his eyes was taken out, he gave it to the Brahmin, and it remained

fixed in his socket like a blue lotus flower in bloom. And the King said: "The eye that sees all things is greater than this eye," and, being filled with ecstasy of jóy, he gave the second eye.

And after many days and much suffering, the King's sight was restored to him—not the natural eyes which see the things around —but the eyes which see perfect and absolute Truth.

And he reigned in righteousness and justice, and the people learnt of him pure wisdom.

FILIAL PIETY

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS PARROT: ILLUSTRATING

FILIAL PIETY

Now it came to pass that the Buddha was re-born in the shape of a Parrot, and he greatly excelled all other parrots in his strength and beauty. And when he was full grown his father, who had long been the leader of the flock in their flights to other climes, said to him: "My son, behold my strength is spent! Do thou lead the flock, for I am no longer able." And the Buddha said: "Behold, thou shalt rest. I will lead the birds." And the Parrots rejoiced in the strength of their new leader, and willingly did they follow him. Now from that day on, the Buddha undertook to feed his parents, and would not consent that they should do any more work. Each day he led his flock

to the Himalaya Hills, and when he had eaten his fill of the clumps of rice that grew there, he filled his beak with food for the dear parents who were waiting his return.

Now there was a man appointed to watch the rice-fields, and he did his best to drive the Parrots away, but there seemed to be some secret power in the leader of this flock which the Keeper could not overcome.

He noticed that the Parrots ate their fill and then flew away, but that the Parrot-King not only satisfied his hunger, but carried away rice in his beak.

Now he feared there would be no rice left, and he went to his master the Brahmin to tell him what had happened; and even as the master listened there came to him the thought that the Parrot-King was something higher than he seemed, and he loved him even before he saw him. But he said nothing of this, and only warned the Keeper that he should set a snare and catch the dangerous bird. So the man did as he was bidden: he made a small cage and set the snare, and sat down in his hut waiting for the birds to come. And soon he saw the Parrot-King amidst his

flock, who, because he had no greed, sought no richer spot, but flew down to the same place in which he had fed the day before.

Now, no sooner had he touched the ground than he felt his feet caught in the noose. Then fear crept into his bird-heart, but a stronger feeling was there to crush it down, for he thought: "If I cry out the Cry of the Captured, my Kinsfolk will be terrified, and they will fly away foodless. But if I lie still, then their hunger will be satisfied; and they may safely come to my aid." Thus was the Parrot both brave and prudent.

But alas! he did not know that his Kinsfolk had nought of his brave spirit. When *they* had eaten their fill, though they heard the thrice-uttered cry of the captured, they flew away, nor heeded the sad plight of their leader.

Then was the heart of the Parrot-King sore within him, and he said: "All these my kith and kin, and not one to look back on me. Alas! what sin have I done?"

The Watchman now heard the cry of the Parrot-King, and the sound of the other Parrots flying through the air. "What is

that?" he cried, and leaving his hut he came to the place where he had laid the snare. There he found the captive Parrot; he tied his feet together and brought him to the Brahmin, his master. Now, when the Brahmin saw the Parrot-King, he felt his strong power, and his heart was full of love to him, but he hid his feelings and said in a voice of anger: "Is thy greed greater than that of all other birds? They eat their fill, but thou takest away each day more food than thou canst eat. Doest thou this out of hatred for me, or dost thou store up the food in some granary for selfish greed?"

And the Great Being made answer in a sweet human voice: "I hate thee not, O Brahmin. Nor do I store the rice in a granary for selfish greed. But this thing I do. Each day I pay a debt which is due — each day I grant a loan, and each day I store up a treasure."

Now the Brahmin could not understand the words of the Buddha (because true wisdom had not entered his heart), and he said: "I pray thee, O Wondrous Bird, to make these words clear unto me."

And then the Parrot-King made answer: "I carry food to my ancient parents who can no longer seek that food for themselves: thus I pay my daily debt. I carry food to my callow chicks whose wings are yet ungrown. When I am old they will care for me — this my loan to them. And for other birds, weak and helpless of wing, who need the aid of the strong, for them I lay up a store; to these I give in charity."

Then was the Brahmin much moved, and showed the love that was in his heart. "Eat thy fill, O Righteous Bird, and let thy Kinsfolk eat too, for thy sake." And he wished to bestow a thousand acres of land upon him, but the Great Being would only take a tiny portion round which were set boundary stores.

And the Parrot returned with a head of rice, and said: "Arise, dear Parents, that I may take you to a place of plenty." And he told them the story of his deliverance.

THE VALUE OF PERSEVERANCE

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS MERCHANT: ILLUSTRATING

THE VALUE OF PERSEVERANCE

ONCE upon a time the Buddha (to be) was born in a merchant's family; and when he grew up he went about trafficking with five hundred carts.

One day he arrived at a sandy desert twenty leagues across. The sand in that desert was so fine that when taken in the closed fist it could not be kept in the hand. After the sun had risen it became as hot as a mass of charcoal, so that no man could walk on it. Those, therefore, who had to travel over it took wood and water and oil and rice in their carts, and travelled during the night. And at daybreak they formed an encampment, and spread an awning over it, and, taking their meals early, they passed the day sitting in the shade. At sunset they supped; and when

the ground had become cool, they yoked their oxen and went on. The travelling was like a voyage over the sea: a so-called land-pilot had to be chosen, and he brought the caravan safe to the other side by his knowledge of the stars.

On this occasion the merchant of our story traversed the desert in that way. And when he had passed over fifty-nine leagues, he thought: "Now in one more night we shall get out of the sand." And after supper he directed the wood and water to be thrown away, and the waggons to be yoked, and so set out. The pilot had cushions arranged on the foremost cart, and lay down looking at the stars, and directing them where to drive. But, worn out by want of rest during the long march, he fell asleep, and did not perceive that the oxen had turned round and taken the same road by which they had come.

The oxen went on the whole night through. Towards dawn the pilot woke up, and, observing the stars, called out: "Stop the waggons! Stop the waggons!" The day broke just as they had stopped, and were drawing up the carts in a line. Then the men cried

out: "Why, this is the very encampment we left yesterday! Our wood and water is all gone! We are lost!" And unyoking the oxen, and spreading the canopy over their heads, they lay down in despondency, each one under his waggon.

But the Bodisat, saying to himself, "If I lose heart, all these will perish," walked about while the morning was yet cool. And on seeing a tuft of Kusa grass, he thought: "This must have grown by attracting some water which there must be beneath it."

And he made them bring a hoe and dig in that spot. And they dug sixty cubits deep. And when they had got thus far, the spade of the diggers struck on a rock: and as soon as it struck, they all gave up in despair.

But the Bodisat thought, "There must be water under that rock," and, stooping down, applied his ear to it and tested the sound of it. And he heard the sound of water gurgling beneath. And he got out and called his page. "My lad, if you give up now, we shall all be lost. Don't you lose heart. Take this iron hammer, and go down into the pit and give the rock a good blow."

The lad obeyed, and though they all stood by in despair, he went down full of determination, and struck at the stone. And the rock split in two and fell below, and no longer blocked up the stream. And water rose till its brim was the height of a palm-tree in the well. And they all drank of the water, and bathed in it. Then they split up their extra yokes and axles, and cooked rice and ate it, and fed their oxen with it. And when the sun set, they put up a flag by the well and went to the place appointed. There they sold their merchandise at double and treble profit, and returned to their own home, and lived to a good old age, and then passed away according to their deeds. And the Bodisat gave gifts, and did other virtuous acts, and passed away according to his deeds.

THE POWER OF HONESTY

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS DEALER IN TIN: ILLUSTRATING

THE POWER OF HONESTY

The Merchant of Sēri

LONG ago in the fifth dispensation before the present one, the Bodisat was a dealer in tin and brass ware, named Seriva, in the country of that name. This Seriva, together with another dealer in tin and brass ware, who was an avaricious man, crossed the river Tēlavāha, and entered the town called Andhapura. And, dividing the streets of the city between them, the Bodisat went round selling his goods in the street allotted to him, while the other took the street that fell to him.

Now in that city there was a wealthy family reduced to abject poverty. All the sons and brothers in the family had died, and all its property had been lost. Only one girl and

her grandmother were left; and those two gained their living by serving others for hire. There was indeed in the house the vessel of gold out of which the head of the house used to eat in the days of its prosperity; but it was covered with dirt, and had long lain neglected and unused among the pots and pans. And they did not even know that it was of gold.

At that time the avaricious hawker, as he was going along, calling out, "Buy my water-pots! Buy my water-pots!" came to the door of their house. When the girl saw him, she said to her grandmother: "Mother! do buy me an ornament."

"But we are poor, dear. What shall we give in exchange for it?"

"This dish of ours is no use to us; you can give that away and get one."

The old woman called the hawker, and, after asking him to take a seat, gave him the dish, and said: "Will you take this, Sir, and give something to your little sister for it?"

The hawker took the dish, and thought: "This must be gold!" And turning it round, he scratched a line on its back with a needle,

and found that it was so. Then, hoping to get the dish without giving them anything, he said: "What is this worth? It is not even worth a halfpenny!" And throwing it on the ground, he got up from his seat and went away.

Now, it was allowed to either hawker to enter the street which the other had left. And the Bodisat came into that street, and calling out, "Buy my water-pots," came up to the door of that very house. And the girl spoke to her grandmother as before. But the grandmother said: "My child, the dealer who came just now threw the dish on the floor, and went away; what have I now got to give him in exchange?"

"That merchant, mother dear, was a surly man; but this one looks pleasant, and has a kind voice: perchance he may take it."

"Call him, then," said she.

So she called him. And when he had come in and sat down, they gave him the dish. He saw that it was gold, and said: "Mother! this dish is worth a hundred thousand. All the goods in my possession are not equal to it in value!"

"But, Sir, a hawker who came just now threw it on the ground, and went away, saying it was not worth a halfpenny. It must have been changed into gold by the power of your virtue, so we make you a present of it."

The Bodisat gave them all the cash he had in hand (five hundred pieces), and all his stock-in-trade, worth five hundred more. He asked of them only to let him keep eight pennies, and the bag and the yoke that he used to carry his things with. And these he took and departed.

And going quickly to the river-side, he gave those eight pennies to a boatman, and got into the boat.

But that covetous hawker came back to the house, and said: "Bring out that dish, I'll give you something for it."

Then she scolded him, and said: "You said our gold dish, worth a hundred thousand, was not worth a halfpenny. But a just dealer, who seems to be your master, gave us a thousand for it, and has taken it away."

When he heard this he called out: "Through this fellow I have lost a golden

pot worth—Oh, worth a hundred thousand! He has ruined me altogether!" And bitter sorrow overcame him, and he was unable to retain his presence of mind, and he lost all self-command. And scattering the money he had, and all the goods, at the door of the house, he seized as a club the yoke by which he had carried them, and tore off his clothes, and pursued after the Bodisat.

When he reached the river-side, he saw the Bodisat going away, and he cried out: "Hallo, Boatman! stop the boat!"

But the Bodisat said: "Don't stop!" and so prevented that. And as the other gazed and gazed at the departing Bodisat, he was torn with violent grief; his heart grew hot, and blood flowed from his mouth until his heart broke—like tank-mud in the heat of the sun.

Thus harbouring hatred against the Bodisat, he brought about on that very spot his own destruction. This was the first time that Devadatta harboured hatred against the Bodisat.

But the Bodisat gave gifts, and did other good acts, and passed away according to his deeds.

THE FOLLY OF GREED

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS KING: ILLUSTRATING THE FOLLY OF GREED

ONCE upon a time Brahma-datta, the King of Benares, had a gardener named Sanjaya. Now, a swift antelope who had come to the garden took to flight as soon as it saw Sanjaya. But Sanjaya did not frighten it away; and when it had come again and again it began to walk about in the garden. And day by day the gardener used to pluck the various fruits and flowers in the garden and take them away to the King.

Now, one day the King asked him: "I say, friend gardener, is there anything strange in the garden so far as you've noticed?"

"I've noticed nothing, O King, save that an antelope is in the habit of coming and wandering about there. That I often see."

"But could you catch it?"

"If I had a little honey I could bring it right inside the palace here!"

The King gave him the honey; and he took it, went to the garden, smeared it on the grass at the spot the antelope frequented, and hid himself. When the deer came and had eaten the honey-smeared grass, it was bound with the lust of taste; and from that time went nowhere else, but came exclusively to the garden. And as the gardener saw that it was allured by the honey-smeared grass, he in due course showed himself. For a few days the antelope took to flight on seeing him. But after seeing him again and again it acquired confidence, and gradually came to eat grass from the gardener's hand. And when the gardener saw that its confidence was gained, he strewed the path right up to the palace as thick with branches as if he were covering it with mats, hung a gourdful of honey over his shoulder, carried a bundle of grass at his waist, and then kept sprinkling honey-smeared grass in front of the antelope till he led him within the palace.

As soon as the deer had got inside, they shut the door. The antelope, seeing men,

began to tremble and quake with the fear of death, and ran hither and thither about the hall. The King came down from his upper chamber, and, seeing the trembling creature, said: "Such is the nature of an antelope, that it will not go for a week afterwards to a place where it has seen men, nor its life long to a place where it has been frightened. Yet this one, with just such a disposition, and accustomed only to the jungle, has now, bound by the lust of taste, come to just such a place. Verily, there is nothing worse in the world than this lust of taste!"

And when in other words he had shown the danger of greed, he let the antelope go back to the forest.

THE STRENGTH OF FRIENDSHIP AMONG ANIMALS

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS MINISTER:
ILLUSTRATING

THE STRENGTH OF FRIENDSHIP AMONG ANIMALS

LONG ago, when Brahma-datta was reigning in Benares, the Bodisat became his Minister.

At that time a dog used to go to the state elephant's stable, and feed on the lumps of rice which fell where the elephant fed. Being attracted there by the food, he soon became great friends with the elephant, and used to eat close by him. At last neither of them was happy without the other; and the dog used to amuse himself by catching hold of the elephant's trunk, and swinging to and fro.

But one day there came a peasant who gave the elephant-keeper money for the dog, and took it back with him to his village.

From that time the elephant, missing the dog, would neither eat nor drink nor bathe. And they let the King know about it.

He sent the Bodisat, saying: "Do you go, Pandit, and find out what's the cause of the elephant's behaviour."

So he went to the stable, and seeing how sad the elephant looked, said to himself: "There seems to be nothing bodily the matter with him. He must be so overwhelmed with grief by missing some one, I should think, who had become near and dear to him." And he asked the elephant-keepers: "Is there any one with whom he is particularly intimate?"

"Certainly, Sir! There was a dog of whom he was very fond indeed."

"Where is it now?"

"Some man or other took it away."

"Do you know where the man lives?"

"No, Sir!"

Then the Bodisat went and told the King. "There's nothing the matter with the elephant, your majesty; but he was great friends with a dog, and I fancy it's through missing it that he refuses his food."

When the King heard what he said, he asked what was now to be done.

"Have a proclamation made, O King, to this effect: 'A man is said to have taken away a dog of whom our state elephant was fond. In whose house soever that dog shall be found, he shall be fined so much!'"

The King did so; and, as soon as he heard of it, the man turned the dog loose. The dog hastened back, and went close up to the elephant. The elephant took him up in his trunk and placed him on his forehead, and wept and cried, and took him down again, and watched him as he fed. And then he took his own food.

Then the King paid great honour to the Bodisat for knowing the motives even of animals.

THE VALUE OF KINDNESS

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS BULL: ILLUSTRATING THE VALUE OF KINDNESS

LONG ago the Bodisat came to life as a Bull.

Now, when he was yet a young calf, a certain Brahmin, after attending upon some devotees who were wont to give oxen to priests, received the bull. And he called it Nandi Visāla, and grew very fond of it, treating it like a son, and feeding it on gruel and rice.

When the Bodisat grew up, he said to himself: "This Brahmin has brought me up with great care; and there's no other ox in all the continent of India can drag the weight I can. What if I were to let the Brahmin know about my strength, and so in my turn provide sustenance for him!"

And he said one day to the Brahmin: "Do

you go now, Brahmin, to some Squire rich in cattle, and offer to bet him a thousand that your ox will move a hundred laden carts."

The Brahmin went to a rich farmer, and started a conversation thus:

"Whose bullocks hereabout do you think the strongest?"

"Such and such a man's," said the farmer, and then added: "But, of course, there are none in the whole country-side to touch my own!"

"I have one ox," said the Brahmin, "who is good to move a hundred carts, loads and all!"

"Tush!" said the Squire. "Where in the world is such an ox?"

"Just in my house!" said the Brahmin.

"Then make a bet about it!"

"All right! I bet you a thousand he can."

So the bet was made. And he filled a hundred carts (small waggons made for two bullocks) with sand and gravel and stones, ranged them all in a row, and tied them all firmly together, cross-bar to axle-tree.

Then he bathed Nandi Visāla, gave him

a measure of scented rice, hung a garland round his neck, and yoked him by himself to the front cart. Then he took his seat on the pole, raised his goad aloft, and called out: "Gee up! you brute!! Drag 'em along, you wretch!!"

The Bodisat said to himself: "He addresses me as a wretch. I am no wretch!" And, keeping his four legs as firm as so many posts, he stood perfectly still.

Then the Squire that moment claimed his bet, and made the Brahmin hand over the thousand pieces. And the Brahmin, minus his thousand, took out his ox, went home to his house, and lay down overwhelmed with grief.

Presently Nandi Visāla, who was roaming about the place, came up and saw the Brahmin grieving there, and said to him: "What, Brahmin! Are you asleep?"

"Sleep! How can I sleep after losing the thousand pieces?"

"Brahmin! I've lived so long in your house, and have I ever broken any pots, or rubbed up against the walls.

"Never, my dear!"

"Then why did you call me a wretch? It's your fault. It's not my fault. Go now and bet him two thousand; and never call me a wretch again — I, who am no wretch at all!"

When the Brahmin heard what he said, he made the bet two thousand, tied the carts together as before, decked out Nandi Visāla, and yoked him to the foremost cart.

He managed this in the following way: he tied the pole and the cross-piece fast together, yoked Nandi Visāla on one side; on the other he fixed a smooth piece of timber from the point of the yoke to the axle-end, and wrapping it round with the fastenings of the cross-piece, tied it fast, so that when this was done the yoke could not move this way and that way, and it was possible for one ox to drag forwards the double bullock-cart.

Then the Brahmin seated himself on the pole, stroked Nandi Visāla on the back, and called out: "Gee up! my beauty!! Drag it along, my beauty.!!"

And the Bodisat, with one mighty effort, dragged forwards the hundred heavily-laden carts, and brought the hindmost one up

to the place where the foremost one had stood.

Then the cattle-owner acknowledged himself beaten, and handed over to the Brahmin the two thousand; the bystanders, too, presented the Bodisat with a large sum, and the whole became the property of the Brahmin. Thus, by means of the Bodisat, great was the wealth he acquired.

GRATITUDE AND FILIAL AFFECTION

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS BULL: ILLUSTRATING GRATITUDE AND FILIAL AFFECTION

"LONG ago . . . the Bodisat returned to life as a Bull.

Now, when it was still a young calf, its owners stopped a while in an old woman's house, and gave him to her when they settled their account for their lodging. And she brought him up, treating him like a son, and feeding him on gruel and rice.

He soon became known as "The old woman's Blackie." When he grew up, he roamed about, as black as collyrium, with the village cattle, and was very good-tempered and quiet. The village children used to catch hold of his horns, or ears, or dewlaps, and hang on to him; or amuse themselves by pulling his tail, or riding about on his back.

One day he said to himself: "My mother

is wretchedly poor. She's taken so much pains, too, in bringing me up, and has treated me like a son. What if I were to work for hire, and so relieve her distress!" And from that day he was always on the look-out for a job.

Now, one day a young caravan owner arrived at a neighbouring ford with five hundred bullock-waggons. And his bullocks were not only unable to drag the carts across, but even when he yoked the five hundred pair in a row they could not move one cart by itself.

The Bodisat was grazing with the village cattle close to the ford. The young caravan owner was a famous judge of cattle, and began looking about to see whether there were among them any thoroughbred bull able to drag over the carts. Seeing the Bodisat, he thought he would do, and asked the herdsmen: "Who may be the owners, my men, of this fellow? I should like to yoke him to the cart, and am willing to give a reward for having the carts dragged over."

"Catch him and yoke him then," said they. "He has no owner hereabouts."

But when he began to put a string through

his nose and drag him along, he could not get him to come. For the Bodisat, it is said, wouldn't go till he was promised a reward.

The young caravan owner, seeing what his object was, said to him: "Sir! if you'll drag over these five hundred carts for me, I'll pay you wages at the rate of two pence for each cart—a thousand pieces in all."

Then the Bodisat went along of his own accord, and the men yoked him to the cart. And with a mighty effort he dragged it up and landed it safe on the high ground. And in the same manner he dragged up all the carts.

So the caravan owner then put five hundred pennies in a bundle, one for each cart, and tied it round his neck. The Bull said to himself: "This fellow is not giving me wages according to the rate agreed upon. I shan't let him go on now!" And so he went and stood in the way of the front cart, and they tried in vain to get him away.

The caravan owner thought: "He knows, I suppose, that the pay is too little;" and wrapping a thousand pieces in a cloth, tied them up in a bundle, and hung that round

his neck. And as soon as he got the bundle with a thousand inside, he went off to his "mother."

Then the village children called out: "See! what's that round the neck of the old woman's Blackie?" and began to run up to him. But he chased after them, so that they took to their heels before they got near him; and he went straight to his "mother." And he appeared with eyes all bloodshot, utterly exhausted from dragging over so many carts.

"How did you get this, dear?" said the good old woman, when she saw the bag round his neck. And when she heard, on inquiry from the herdsmen, what had happened, she exclaimed: "Am I so anxious, then, to live on the fruit of your toil, my darling! Why do you put yourself to all this pain?"

And she bathed him in warm water, and rubbed him all over with oil, and gave him to drink, and fed him up with good food. And at the end of her life she passed away according to her deeds, and the Bodisat with her.

THE POWER OF KIND THOUGHTS

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS BRAHMIN:
ILLUSTRATING

THE POWER OF KIND THOUGHTS

At that time the Bodisat was born as a nobleman's son. On the naming-day they gave him the name of Prince Magha, and when he grew up he was known as "Magha the young Brahmin."

His parents procured him a wife from a family of equal rank; and, increasing in sons and daughters, he became a great giver of gifts, and kept the Five Commandments.

In that village there were as many as thirty families; and one day the men of those families stopped in the middle of the village to transact some village business. The Bodisat removed with his feet the lumps of soil on the place where he stood, and made the spot convenient to stand on; but another came

up and stood there. Then he smoothed out another spot, and took his stand there; but another man came and stood upon it. Still the Bodisat tried again and again, with the same result, until he had made convenient standing-room for all the thirty.

The next time he had an open-roofed shed put up there; and then pulled that down, and built a hall, and had benches spread in it, and a water-pot placed there. On another occasion those thirty men were reconciled by the Bodisat, who confirmed them in the Five Commandments; and thenceforward he continued with them in works of piety.

Whilst they were so living they used to rise up early, go out with bill-hooks and crowbars in their hands, tear up with the crowbars the stones in the four high roads and village paths, and roll them away, take away the trees which would be in the way of vehicles, make the rough places plain, form causeways, dig ponds, build public halls, give gifts, and keep the Commandments — thus, in many ways, all the dwellers in the village listened to the exhortations of the Bodisat, and kept the Commandments.

Now the village headman said to himself: "I used to have great gain from fines, and taxes, and pot-money, when these fellows drank strong drink, or took life, or broke the other Commandments. But now Magha the young Brahmin has determined to have the Commandments kept, and permits none to take life, or to do anything else that is wrong. I'll make them keep the Commandments with a vengeance!"

And he went in a rage to the King, and said: "O King! there are a number of robbers going about sacking the villages!"

"Go and bring them up!" said the King in reply.

And he went, and brought back all those men as prisoners, and had it announced to the King that the robbers were brought up. And the King, without inquiring what they had done, gave orders to have them all trampled to death by elephants!

Then they made them all lie down in the courtyard, and fetched the elephant. And the Bodisat exhorted them, saying: "Keep the Commandments in mind. Regard them all — the slanderer, and the King, and the

elephant—with feelings as kind as you harbour towards yourselves!"

And they did so.

Then men led up the elephant; but though they brought him to the spot, he would not begin his work, but trumpeted forth a mighty cry, and took to flight. And they brought up another and another, but they all ran away.

"There must be some drug in their possession," said the King; and gave orders to have them searched. So they searched, but found nothing, and told the King so.

"Then they must be repeating some spell. Ask them if they have any spell to utter."

The officials asked them, and the Bodisat said there was. And they told the King, and he had them all called before him, and said: "Tell me that spell you know!"

Then the Bodisat spoke, and said: "O King! we have no other spell but this—that we destroy no life, not even of grass; that we take nothing which is not given to us; that we are never guilty of unfaithfulness, nor speak falsehood, nor drink intoxicants; that we exercise ourselves in love, and give gifts;

that we make rough places plain, dig ponds, and put up rest-houses—this is our spell, this is our defence, this is our strength!"

Then the King had confidence in them, and gave them all the property in the house of the slanderer, and made him their slave; and bestowed, too, the elephant upon them, and made them a grant of the village.

OUR DUTY TO THE NEXT GENERATION

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS TREE-SPIRIT: ILLUSTRATING

OUR DUTY TO THE NEXT GENERATION

And it came to pass that the Buddha was re-born as a Tree-Spirit. Now there reigned (at Benares) at that time a King who said to himself: "All over India, the kings live in palaces supported by many a column. *I* will build me a palace resting on one column only—then shall I in truth be the chiefest of all kings."

Now in the King's Park was a lordly Sal tree, straight and well-grown, worshipped by village and town, and to this tree even the Royal Family also paid tribute, worship, and honour. And then suddenly there came an order from the King that the tree should be cut down.

And the people were sore dismayed, but the woodmen, who dared not disobey the

orders of the King, repaired to the Park, with hands full of perfumed garlands, and encircling the tree with a string, fastened to it a nosegay of flowers, and kindling a lamp, they did worship, exclaiming: "O Tree! on the seventh day must we cut thee down, for so hath the King commanded. Now let the Deities who dwell within thee go elsewhither, and since we are only obeying the King's command, let no blame fall upon us, and no harm come to our children because of this."

And the Spirit who lived in the tree, hearing these words, reflected within himself and said: "These builders are determined to cut down this tree, and to destroy my place of dwelling. Now my life lasts only as long as this tree. And lo! all the young Sal trees that stand around, where dwell the Deities my kinsfolk—and they are many—will be destroyed! My own destruction does not touch me so near as the destruction of my children: therefore must I protect their lives."

Accordingly, at the hour of midnight, adorned in divine splendour, he entered into the magnificent chamber of the King, and

filling the whole chamber with a bright radiance, stood weeping beside the King's pillow. At the sight of him, the King, overcome with terror, said: "Who art thou, standing high in the air, and why do thy tears flow?"

And the Tree-God made answer: "Within thy realm I am known as the Lucky-Tree. For sixty thousand years have I stood, and all have worshipped me, and though they have built many a house, and many a town, no violence has been done to me. Spare thou me, also, O King."

Then the King made answer and said: "Never have I seen so mighty a trunk, so thick and strong a tree; but I will build me a palace, and thou shalt be the only column on which it shall rest, and thou shalt dwell there for ever."

And the Tree said: "Since thou art resolved to tear my body from me, I pray thee cut me down gently, one branch after another—the root last of all."

And the King said: "O Woodland Tree! what is this thou askest of me? It were a painful death to die. One stroke at the

root would fell thee to the ground. Why wouldst thou die piecemeal?"

And the Tree made answer: "O King! My children, the young Sal trees, all grow at my feet: they are prosperous and well sheltered. If I should fall with one mighty crash, behold these young children of the forest would perish also!"

And the King was greatly moved by this spirit of sacrifice, and said: "O great and glorious Tree! I set thee free from thy fear, and because thou wouldst willingly die to save thy kindred, thou shalt not be cut down. Return to thy home in the Ancient Forest."

OUR DUTY TOWARDS THE WORTHY OLD OF THE COMMUNITY

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THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS WISE MINISTER: ILLUSTRATING

OUR DUTY TOWARDS THE WORTHY OLD OF THE COMMUNITY

AND the Buddha as Prime Minister served the King. Now there was a certain She-Elephant endowed with great might which enabled her to go a hundred leagues a day. She did the duties of messenger to the King, and in battle she fought and crushed the enemy. The King said: "She is very serviceable to me."

He gave her ornaments, and caused all honour to be shown her. Then, when she was weak from age, the King took away all the honour he had bestowed.

From that time she was unprotected, and lived by eating grass and leaves in the forest.

And one day the chief Potter had not enough oxen to yoke to the carts which

carried the material for making clay. And the King said: "Where is our She-Elephant?"

"O King! she is wandering at her will in the forest."

And the King said: "Do thou yoke her to the cart."

And the Potter said: "Good, O King!" And he did even as the King commanded.

But when this insult was offered to the Elephant, she came to the Prime Minister and said: "O Wise Being! I pray you listen to my tale. When I was young, great strength was mine; and I did walk a hundred leagues to bear the King's messages, and, with weapons bound upon my body, I did take part in battle, crushing the enemy beneath my feet. And now I am old, and the King hath withdrawn all the honours he bestowed upon me, and not content with allowing me to wander and feed on grass, unprotected in my old age, he has *even caused me to be yoked to* the Potter's cart as are the oxen."

Then the Buddha promised that he would plead her cause, and appearing before the King, he asked: "Great King, did not a She-Elephant covered with weapons do battle for

thee; and on such and such a day, with a writing upon her neck, did she not go a hundred leagues on a message? Thou didst bestow upon her great honour. I pray thee tell me, where is she now?"

And the King, in some confusion, made answer: "Behold, she is yoked to a cart."

Then did the Buddha speak in sorrowful anger to the King, and rebuked him, saying: "Thou hast yoked this Elephant to a cart after all the services she has rendered. Then was the honour only bestowed because of more services expected?"

And all who heard him received his instruction, and the King restored the She-Elephant to her former place of honour.

THE STRENGTH WHICH COMES WITH FIXITY OF PURPOSE

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS HORSE: ILLUSTRATING

THE STRENGTH WHICH COMES WITH FIXITY OF PURPOSE

AND it came to pass that the Buddha (to be) came to life in the shape of a Horse—a thoroughbred small horse, and he was made the King's Destrier, surrounded by pomp and state. He was fed on exquisite three-year-old rice which was always served up to him in a golden dish worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, and the ground of his stall was perfumed with the four odours. Round his stall were hung crimson curtains, while overhead was a canopy studded with stars of gold. On the wall were festooned wreaths and garlands of fragrant flowers, and a lamp fed with scented oil was always burning there.

Now all the kings round coveted the kingdom of Benares. Once seven kings

passed Benares and sent a missive to the King, saying: "Either yield up your kingdom to us or give battle."

Assembling his ministers, the King of Benares laid the matter before them and asked what he was to do. Said they: "You ought not to go out to battle in person, Sire, in the first instance. Despatch such and such a Knight out first to fight him, and, later on, if he fall, we will decide what to do."

Then the King sent for that Knight and said to him: "Can you fight the seven kings, my dear Knight?" Said he: "Give me but your noble Destrier, and then I could fight not only seven kings but all the kings in India." "My dear Knight, take my Destrier or any horse you please, and do battle." "Very good, my Sovereign Lord," said the Knight, and with a bow he passed down from the upper chambers of the palace.

Then he had the noble Destrier led out and sheathed in mail, arming himself too and girding on his sword.

Mounted on his noble steed he passed out of the City Gate, and with a lightning charge broke down the first camp, taking one king

alone, and bringing him back a prisoner to the soldiers' custody.

. . . And this went on until six kings had been made prisoner. Then the noble Horse received a wound which streamed with blood and caused him much pain. Perceiving that the Horse was wounded, the Knight made it lie down at the King's gate, loosened its mail, and set about arming another horse.

But the Horse perceiving this, said: "The other horse will *not* be able to break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king: he will lose all that I have accomplished. The peerless Knight will be slain, and the King will fall into the hands of the foe. I alone and no other horse can break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king."

So he called to the Knight and repeated these words, and added: "I will not throw away what I have already done. Only have me set upon my feet, and clad again in my armour, and I will accomplish my work."

The Knight had the Horse set upon his feet, bound up his wound, and armed him

again in proof. Mounted on the Destrier, he broke down the seventh camp, and brought back alive the seventh king.

They led the Horse to the King's gate, and the King came up to look at him.

Then said the Great Being: "Great King, slay not these seven kings: bind them by an oath, and let them go. Let the Knight enjoy the honour due to us both. As for you, exercise charity, keep the Ornaments, and rule your kingdom in righteousness and justice." When the Horse had thus exhorted the King, they took off his mail, but as they were taking it off piecemeal, he passed away.

The King had the body buried with due respect, bestowed great honours on the Knight, and sent the kings to their homes, after exacting from each an oath never to war upon him any more. And he ruled his kingdom in righteousness and justice, passing away when his life closed, to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

The story was told by the Master about a brother who gave up persevering.

"Brethren, in bygone days the wise and

good persevered even in hostile surroundings, and even when they were wounded they did not give in. Whereas you who have devoted yourself to so saving a doctrine, how comes it that you give up persevering?"

THE PUNISHMENT OF CUPIDITY

THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS MALLARD:
ILLUSTRATING

THE PUNISHMENT OF CUPIDITY

AND it came to pass that the Buddha (to be) was born a Brahmin, and growing up was married to a bride of his own rank, who bore him three daughters.

After his death he was born again as a Golden Mallard, and he determined to give his golden feathers one at a time to enable his wife and daughters to live in comfort. So away he flew to where they dwelt, and alighted on the central beam of the roof.

Seeing the Bodisat, the wife and girls asked where he had come from, and he told them that he was their father who had died and been born a Golden Mallard, and that he had come to bring them help. "You shall have my golden feathers, one by one," he said.

He gave them one and departed. From time to time he returned to give them another feather, and they became quite wealthy.

But one day the mother said: "There's no trusting animals, my children. Who's to say your father might not go away one of these days and never return? Let us use our time, and pluck him clean the next time he comes, so as to make sure of all his feathers." Thinking this would pain him, the daughters refused. The mother in her greed plucked the Mallard herself, and as she plucked them against his wish, they ceased to be golden and became like a crane's feathers. His wings grew again, but they were plain white; he flew away to his own abode and never came back.

Origin of the "Goose that laid the Golden Eggs." Pali word for golden goose is *Hansa*—whence *Gans*, goose.

THE POWER OF SORROW TO ENLARGE SYMPATHY AND UNDERSTANDING

THE BUDDHA AS PHYSICIAN OR COMFORTER: ILLUSTRATING

THE POWER OF SORROW TO ENLARGE SYMPATHY AND UNDERSTANDING

KISĀGOTAMĪ is the name of a young girl, whose marriage with the only son of a wealthy man was brought about in true fairy-tale fashion. She had one child, but when the beautiful boy could run alone, it died. The young girl in her love for it carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went from house to house of her pitying friends asking them to give her medicine for it. But a Buddhist mendicant, thinking, "She does not understand," said to her: "My good girl, I myself have no such medicine as you ask for, but I think I know of one who has." "Oh, tell me who that is!" said Kisāgotamī. "The Buddha can give you medicine: go to him," was the answer.

She went to Gautama, and doing homage

to him, said: "Lord and Master; do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?" "Yes, I know of some," said the Teacher.

Now it was the custom for patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors required, so she asked what herbs he would want. "I want some mustard-seed," he said; and when the poor girl eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added: "You must get it from some house where no son, or husband, or parent, or slave has died." "Very good," she said, and went to ask for it, still carrying her dead child with her. The people said: "Here is mustard-seed, take it." But when she asked, "In my friend's house has any son died, or a husband, or a parent, or slave?" they answered: "Lady! what is this that thou sayest; the living are few, but the dead are many." Then she went to other houses, but one said: "I have lost a son"; another, "We have lost our parents"; another, "I have lost my slave."

At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, her mind began to clear, and, summoning up resolution, she left the dead body of her child in a forest,

and returning to the Buddha paid him homage. He said to her: "Have you the mustard-seed?" "My Lord," she replied, "I have not; the people tell me that the living are few, but the dead are many." Then he talked to her on that essential part of his system—the impermanency of all things, till her doubts were cleared away, and, accepting her lot, she became a disciple and entered the first Path.

The following lines, ascribed to some of her Sisters in the Order and given in the *Psalms* (translated by Mrs Rhys Davids), would apply to Kisāgotamī:—

"Lo! from my heart the hidden shaft is gone,
The shaft that nestled there hath he removed;
And that consuming grief for my dear child,
Which poisoned all the life of me, is dead.
To-day my heart is healed, my yearning stayed,
Perfected the deliverance wrought in me."

GENERAL NOTE

All the Stories, except the last, which refers to the Historical Buddha, are told of the Buddha (To Be), or the Bodhisatta. I have been careful to indicate this in the titles to the several Stories, but have not thought it necessary to explain the title in the course of each Story.

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NOTES ON THE STORIES

1. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS LION

THIS is the only story I have completely re-adapted for quite small children, and I have found it among the most popular. I often tell it in connection with Hans C. Andersen's story of the "Scandal in the Poultry Yard," of which the subject is practically the same: the first being simple and direct, the second veiled in gentle satire.

2. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS ONE OF THE GODS

In this story, if it is considered injudicious to tell children of the hypocrisy of the teacher and the priest, the title of the man could be left out. For my part, and from experience as a teacher, I have always found it wise to admit and condemn the same faults in teachers and preachers as in the laity, but to point out to the children that those same faults are the more reprehensible because of the profession which is degraded by such people as the false priest.

3. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS HARE

In this story it may be necessary to make a few words of comment on the point of view of the Buddha which might not be quite intelligible to the child. The fact, that though he was ready to sacrifice his own body he had a care for the tiny insects which might perish with him, has much significance in the story scheme. It shows not only the letter of the law but the spirit of the love which prompted him to act.

4. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS OSPREY

This story should be told as dramatically as possible, because it is full of action and will hold the children quite breathless. The little touch of the lion objecting at first to be roused at an unreasonable hour is delightfully human, and the fact that when he realises the necessity he is ready to help, is worthy of his high position among the animals.

5. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS KING

THIS story may seem at first to be above the plane of the child. I should not commend it for very young children, who would be inclined to dwell on the physical suffering, but older children (whether in years or understanding) will be able to appreciate the beauty of the sacrifice and the exceeding greatness of the reward.

6. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS PARROT

THE dramatic interest of this story appeals to all ages. I have found quite young children enthralled by the adventures of the parrot. I take exception to the lack of poetic justice in the kinsfolk sharing the parrot's reward—but it was necessary to the Buddha's happiness, and if children should raise the question, I should explain it on that ground.

7. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS MERCHANT

For encouraging a spirit of enterprise, and courage under difficulties, this is an admirable story. I think both boys and girls will apply it (unconsciously) in their everyday undertakings, but this will depend largely on the manner in which it is told: it must appeal to the imagination through the dramatic presentation.

8. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS DEALER IN TIN

THIS story is specially useful because since *rogues* are so often successful in the ordinary sense, and that we are bound to admit this ordinary success, it is well that a graphic description of the triumph of honesty should be presented to children which will at once appeal to their sense of fairness.

9. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS KING

(ILLUSTRATING FOLLY OF GREED)

THIS is an admirable treatise on the relative value of things which children are quick to see. It should be told with increasing dramatic force up to the final run of the foolish antelope who has sacrificed his liberty to his greed.

10. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS MINISTER

A STORY which will encourage children's interest in animals and their characteristics, and will increase their interest in observing the ways of those animals under their care.

11. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS BULL

An excellent illustration for children of the necessity of kindness to animals, not only from the merciful point of view, but from the practical question of ensuring good work.

12. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS BULL

THE fact that the Buddha insists on a fair wage, not from selfish greed but for the sake of his employer, lifts the story from the realm of the commonplace which the subject might suggest.

13. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS BRAHMIN
(HARBOURING KIND THOUGHTS)

THIS may seem a little too lofty for the children, but I think it well to include a few stories where the standard may seem too high and the action quixotic. In later years they will realise the philosophy of the story, but the dramatic interest will appeal at once.

14. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS TREE-SPIRIT

THIS story I consider to be one of the most beautiful in the collection. We cannot baldly appeal to the children to think "of the next generation," but this wonderful picture must fire their imagination where the ordinary didactic appeal might fail.

15. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS WISE MINISTER

A SPLENDID example of the honour we ought to show to those old people in the community who have done really good work. This story might be taken in connection with stories from history illustrating the same point.

16. THE BUDDHA (TO BE) AS HORSE

THE children will be much impressed by the courage of the horse, and the power of will he shows in accomplishing the task he has set himself. It is the spirit of the soldier at its best.

THE BUDDHA AS COMFORTER

I AM indebted to Sir Robert Morant, K.C.B., who has kindly been interested in the preparation of my book as a whole, for the suggestion that I should include this story (although it is not one of the series of Buddha Re-Birth Stories to which all the others belong), also for the reminder of this special version—namely, the woman's own recognition, through her personal experience, of the impermanence of those things which seem to be lasting.

I should not suggest this story as one which would appeal to children. I have included it for "children of larger growth" as embodying one of the important tenets of the Buddhist Faith, and as showing how personal grief may be assuaged in gaining sympathy with the sorrow of others.

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EDUCATION THROUGH STORIES

"I KNOW of no one who can captivate children's imaginations as can Marie Shedlock, nor do I know any mind that has grasped so intensely the value and the beauty of the old fairy-tale, and is so delicate, so subtle, or so simple a story-teller as she. It is her belief, and I share it with her, that the fun and the philosophy of such a writer as Hans Andersen is absolutely invaluable for educational purposes. The child hears only of the swineherd and the princess, the little white hen or the darning-needle, the ugly duckling or the little mermaid; but the elders understand the deep truths underlying the stories, and by and by, as the child-mind assimilates the picture, life unfolds the meaning almost unconsciously, for, after all, the truest education 'ought to be leading and inspiring,' and I know no one who does this to greater perfection than this true friend of children."

—Lady HENRY SOMERSET.

LETTER FROM M. CONSTANT COQUELIN

"CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE SHEDLOCK,—Il faut que je vous rédise le plaisir que j'ai eu a vous éntendre.

"Vous êtes une artiste. Vous dites juste et vrai—Dans le monde, on vous sent dans votre monde. Votre expression est amusante et distinguée et cette ombre d'accent a pour moi, une grâce de plus. Si cette modeste approbation pourrait vous être utile, je ne puis vous dire a quel point je serais heureux d'avoir pensé à vous la donner.

"Je vous prie, chère Mademoiselle Shedlock, de recevoir l'assurance de ma profonde estime, et de ma sympathie bien sincère. —C. COQUELIN.

"BOSTON, *le 26th Avril* 1901."

Press Notices

"Miss Shedlock is an admirable story-teller. The freshness, the tenderness, and the sympathy of her narration delighted the grown men and women of her audience; while her humour and, quite as much, her entire freedom from mannerism, mincing, or patronage must appeal strongly to children."—*The Times.*

"Miss Shedlock is a reciter and a story-teller of admirable skill, and, moreover, she possesses a style that is entirely free from those banes of the genus reciter, exaggeration in the delivery of the words and theatricality. In a widely varied selection, Miss Shedlock was always happy, and not the least of her many qualities was her highly-developed sense of humour."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"When we consider what a lost or suspended art story-telling has become in these days of universal explanation, it is little wonder that Miss Shedlock's delicate and finished story recital met with such enthusiastic greeting in Chelsea Town Hall on Saturday afternoon. The fact that her crowded audience was mainly composed of teachers is evidence enough that her work has been definitely placed in the educational scheme, though one found oneself asking whether, indeed, a zeal for education prompted Miss Shedlock to story-telling, or whether, like all artistes with a discovered gift, the love of it came first and the educational use of it afterwards. Her perfect enunciation and delicate dramatic gift have great charm, but not the least part of the enjoyment of the audience was the impulsive and evident delight she took in her own stories. Dramatic joy she puts foremost among the gifts which the story-teller brings to the child. She would have children fed at the well-springs, and rediscover in sophisticated minds the beginnings of poetry. To develop sensibility in humour, in mystery, and to lead towards the great poetry at the heart of literature are her educational hopes."—*Manchester Guardian.*

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